

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

BENJAMIN S. JONES, EDITOR.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

ANN PEARSON, PUBLISHING AGENT.

VOL. 14.--NO. 34.

SALEM, COLUMBIANA COUNTY, OHIO, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 704.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT SALEM, OHIO, BY THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

TERMS.—\$1.00 per annum payable in advance. Single copies, 10 cents. Sent by mail at our risk.

Advertisements intended for insertion, to be addressed to BENJAMIN S. JONES, Editor, Salem, Columbiana Co., Ohio.

Money sent by mail or directed to the Editor, will be sent by mail at our risk.

Our usual policy is to send numbers to those who are subscribers, but who are believed to be in need of the paper, and to place thirty numbers in the hands of the executive, to begin the negotiations—that is to say, to the officials! Does any one believe that it is for the benefit of commerce, or the safety of navigation, that we are asked to do all this? If so, why not seek to purchase the British West Indies?—Hays was not so much to fear from England as from Spain? And where is Canada and the other British possessions, that stretch all along the Northern frontier, from the Atlantic to the Pacific? No! It is not for the benefit of commerce, nor to guard against invasion, that we are asked to purchase Cuba; but it is for the slave breeders and human flesh mongers. And yet these Democrats profess that they want to get slavery out of national politics. Would to God they were sincere! Would heaven this beast of prey would take the carcass of the slain into its lair! It might know the flesh and crunch the bones without molestation from me! But instead of that, it asks me to hold its victim while it sucks the blood. But this, God helping me, I never will do. Take your pound of flesh, if it is so nominated in the bond, but do not ask for the blood as well.

Read over the whole message, and you will find its entire texture to be slavery. Every topic is discussed with reference to its bearings on the subject of slavery. And yet the Democrats, with an impudence that challenges our admiration for its subtlety, turn to us, and say, "Do not agitate this subject. Do not keep up this sectional strife! To agitate, to legislate, to make treaties, to annex territory, to purchase slaves, for slavery, is all right, but to do anything against slavery is wrong and sectional."

And here is another phase of this fanatical spirit, which has taken up its dwelling place in the Democratic party. It identifies slavery with the nation, and especially with the South.

Now, I am reckoned as ultra and extreme as most on this subject, and yet, no one has ever heard me say anything against the South. It is only against slavery that I have spoken, and I propose to assail that only in those modes justified by the Constitution; yet I am sectional, and Republicans are sectional. When they only seek to prevent the extension of a system which is under the ban of the civilized world, they are charged with being sectional. In Illinois, we have sprung full of this horror. And what is the proof? O, we have no delegates from slave States to attend our National Nominating Conventions. Why have we none? Mark; because if delegates attend these Conventions they are mobbed and driven into exile. What if we, in the free States should say to the Democrats, "If you attend the Charleston Convention, we will hang you," and thus keep them at home, and then reproach them with being a sectional party, because only the slaves were represented?—"Well you have no votes in the slave States; your principles do not circulate with us at all; you dare not even proclaim your doctrines among us." And why do not our principles circulate in the slave States? They used, for they are the principles of Washington, and Franklin, and other founders of the Republic. The reason why our principles do not circulate in the slave States, is that this despotism has, like another Napoleon, crushed out the freedom of speech and of the press. Allow us free access to the minds of the non-slaveholders of the South, and in one year we would have more Republican votes in proportion, in the slave States, than there are Democratic votes in the free States. "Your principles do not circulate down here," boasts the slavery propagandist. Sacred history tells us of a certain rich man who died, and who was very unfortunate in the selection of a future home; but, though an impassable gulf spread itself between him and a better world, it seems he could converse with those more happily situated.—Supposing, now, this man should list up his virtues, and send it booming across the chasm that yawns between heaven and hell, and say, "Ho, Abraham, Isaac, Gabriel, and you celestial generally, you are a sectional party up there; your principles do not circulate down here." And why does not heaven's truth circulate down here? Because the inmates are so wicked that they will not tolerate the presence of any angel preacher. This man must have been a good, sound, natural Democrat. And oh, I suppose, was that illustrious personage whom Milton has described as bridging the chasm that spread between earth and the place of his exile, and who claimed the right of carrying the local institutions of his realm into a Paradise.

An effort is making in Philadelphia to raise money to purchase Ellen Mitchell and her five children, held as slaves at Fredericksburg, Va. Her father was a white man and her mother a quadroon, and she and her children are as white as the average of Virginia white folks. She was manumitted by the will of Mrs. Judge Coulter, but the judges broke the will—always as easy process in such cases—and she and her children were re-enslaved to slavery. To those who think slavery not so good for white folks as for negroes, this case makes a strong appeal.

New York, March 26.—The Courier and Enquirer asserts that a filibustering expedition is ready to start for Cuba on the receipt of the instructions expected by the next steamer from Havana. Their headquarters are, and their arms and ammunition in some of the Southern cities. The men are ready to depart simultaneously from different parts of the Union, and secret agents are on the island engaged in preparing facilities.

CHARGE AT THE SOUTH.—Some of the editors in the slave States have recently ventured to the Whittier's name to his late poems, when they copy them. This people justice has hitherto been deaf, and the Quaker bard at the South.

From the Milwaukee Free Democrat.

GLOVER RESCUE—FUGITIVE SLAVE ACT.

Five years ago to-day, the people of this city assembled by thousands in the Court House Square to see what could be done for the protection of a poor bruised and battered man, kidnapped by official slave-catchers, under the forms of the Fugitive Slave Act. The hearts of the people were moved as the heart of one man, not simply because Joshua Glover was outraged, but because, if he could be deprived of his liberty without the benefit of the writ of *habeas corpus*, or the right of trial by jury, the rights and liberties of all were endangered. And the movement then originated, stimulated by the outrageous course of Judge Miller and the United States officers, and the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska act, went on, until, on the 13th of July, the Republican party was organized in this State, in Ohio and Indiana, and from that hour the principles of liberty have been rapidly progressing, till they are now in the ascendant in every free State east of the Rocky Mountains.

We need not recite the particulars of the Glover rescue case. These are familiar to all our readers. But the principles vindicated in that case by the decision of our Supreme Court, are of vital significance today. They are not yet established in the nation.

It is well known that the Supreme Court of the United States is composed of a majority of slave holders and completely under the control of the Slave Power, and that whatever the slave interests demand of it is done. Under this influence it has reversed its time-honored decisions in favor of liberty, and virtually established slavery in all the States and Territories of the Union.

ITS DECISION IN THE BOSTON CASE.

It will not be surprising, then, to any well-informed person, that the U. S. Supreme Court at Washington have decided our case against the decision of our Supreme Court. The New York Herald, of the 7th inst., publishes the following as a part of its Washington correspondence:

[The substance of the decision we have before given to our readers, so we omit it here.—Ed. Bugle.]

From this report, it will be seen that the Supreme Court of the United States affirm that the U. S. Marshall has a right to resist, by force, our State authorities and our State Courts. We are, of course, so far as this decision goes, now re-

turned back to the condition in which we were before our Supreme Court released us. In other words, we are remanded again to prison. It remains to be seen whether Wisconsin will back down from its high position, or whether she will maintain the decision of her Supreme Court. This question is to be decided in the coming judicial election. If Mr. Lynde is chosen, the Court at Washington will be endorsed. If Judge Paine is elected, the Supreme Court of the State will be rebuffed, and the rights and liberties of the people will be protected against slave catchers, kidnappers and their chetters—the United States officials—and the sovereignty and independence of the State be preserved against the usurpations of the Federal Government.

As the Federal power at Washington has constructively remanded us to prison, and declared the action of our State revolutionary, we should like to know if the Federal authorities intend to proceed against us in the sneaking, cowardly manner in which the Supreme Court assumes jurisdiction in our case. They sent down a demand to our Supreme Court for the papers in our case, and our Court refused them, denying their jurisdiction. And the Supreme Court at Washington, instead of boldly attacking our Supreme Court for contempt, as they should have done, if they had appellate jurisdiction over them, sneakily got a *franchise*—the attorney laying it of the clerk—and on this *franchise* they proceeded to try and adjudge the case. The great High Court of the nation afraid to meet the responsibilities of their position, acting like cowards, and getting possession of the case in an underhand manner, and dodging the issue raised by the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, like a set of cowards! They dare not meet the Court, but magnify their authority by exhorting it against a private citizen. We are ready to meet the case tried on again. But let it be done openly and above board. And when we get another writ of *habeas corpus*, we shall see whether the U. S. Marshall will resist the writ by force.

COLORED POPULATION OF BOSTON.

A friend and well wisher of ours, who does not agree with us in our position, but who respects us as that adherence to honest conviction by which his own life is characterized,—complained to us lately of the tone in which the colored population of the country were spoken of in the Courier.

Whatever inference may have been drawn, justly or unjustly, from any particular expressions which may have dropped from the pen in the hurry of composition, we here take occasion to say, that nobody does us injustice who thinks or says that we are indifferent to the welfare of the colored people, or disposed, through wantonness, to wound their feelings. Such is not the case. We feel none other than kindness and good will to this portion of our population, and would ever knowingly forgo any opportunity to serve them, or help them serve themselves. The colored population of Boston, during the last twenty-five years, has made very distinct and decided progress, and such progress is most honorable to them. They lead more moral and reputable lives; they are possessed of more property and live more comfortably; they are more anxious to improve their own minds, and to educate their children—indeed their anxiety to have their people well educated, and the honest pains and sacrifices they are at, to have them morally dressed, are most creditable to them. These things show that they were entirely worthy of the boon which has been bestowed upon them now, in every town and city in the State, of having their children educated at the same schools with the whites.

We are glad of this progress; and we are also glad of the gradual melting away of the prejudices once entertained by their white brethren towards them. Certainly, there never was anything more nutritious than the spectacle which we can remember in the parish churches of New England, of a few colored worshippers stuck up in a sort of wallow's nest under the eaves, as if they were lepers or pariahs. The men whose devotions are disturbed by having a family of well behaved and decently dressed colored persons in the pew next to him, may know much of the doctrines of Christianity, but is very little imbued with its spirit. We think Massachusetts is honorably distinguished by its bearings towards its colored population, not merely by giving them equal political privileges with the whites, but by the increasing willingness of its people to recognize their social rights, and to deal with them in a spirit of humanity and Christianity.

In this feeling we do most distinctly share. We feel no prejudice against them. We do prefer a white face to a black one; but we have no objections to meet a colored man in any of the relations of life, provided that his manners, appearance, conversation, dress, are such that, were they possessed by a white man, it would be comfortable to meet him in a similar relation. We don't like to come very near a man who is filthy or noxious, be he black or white. But by the color merely, we are not repelled; and we think no man ought to be.

And yet we suppose there are many who will say that this is all affectation and pretence, because we are not abolitionists or free soilers, and don't believe in slavery agitation, political or non-political. We cannot help this. Fanaticism never can look except through its own loop-holes, or rather gimblet-holes; it never sees but one side of anything, and what does not come within its line of observation, it never can see at all.—Boston Courier.

ANTICIPATED INSURRECTION.—The editor of this paper, and the agents of the Western Book Concern, are indicted in one of the counties of Virginia, for publishing and circulating matter calculated to produce an insurrection among the slaves. The matter complained of was something in the Western Christian Advocate, some time last fall.

We learn from reliable authority, that in the twenty-fourth of March, there were eleven slaves in all. It is but reasonable to suppose that in this number there may be one adult man and one adult woman. On the supposition that these men are the heads of those women, and that the remaining ten slaves are the children of those two women and those two

men, we have two families, each containing five children, who may at any time rise up in rebellion and murder, kill, slay, put to death, and otherwise take the lives of the white inhabitants of the country around them. We are very sorry that anything we have said or written, or seemed to be said or written, should induce these two colored men, and two colored women and ten colored children, to rise up and put to death the inhabitants of the county around them, and thus be guilty of insurrection and civil war against the United States of America, and bring upon our age and nation calamities, with which Don Quixote's encounter with the windmill, or Homer's battle of the frogs and mice dwindles into insignificance.—Western Christian Advocate.

A SLAVEHOLDER ON PRISON.—A slaveholder from one of the Southern States came to a Northern State a few weeks ago to liberate one of his sons. This man by his own confession has never been married, but has brought up two families or sets of children, a couple of slave women, occupying the post of mistress in his house. During much of this time his house has been a regular preaching place for Methodist ministers, under whose ministry he has sat without rebuke. When asked what he thought of Southern ministers, who would preach against other sins but never mention slaveholding, he replied with the appearance of contempt—"O I suppose they think it is right!" He then added that neighbor T., a slave leader, was a very pious man, "great on sanctification"—and yet he sold him a young woman about nineteen years of age. We blush to write such facts, but they only show what Southern men themselves think of slaveholding piety. To show the temper of the man, we may add, that when he was urged by a Northern preacher to seek religious comfort he said, "I have no hope, slavery I fear has ruined me both body and soul."—Zion's Herald.

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF HON. OWEN LOVEJOY, OF ILLINOIS.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, Feb. 21, 1859.

When the last five centuries, a strange fanaticism has made its appearance in this country—a fanaticism at once monstrous and malign. Twenty-five years ago, by the universal sentiment of the country, slavery was deemed a moral, social and political evil; a wrong to the slave, an injury to the owner, a blight on the soil, a detriment to all the interests of the communities or States where it was found, and, in its reflex influence, a reproach and damage to the whole country. By many, it may be, this evil was considered incurably, but still an evil. But within the period indicated, a different sentiment has sprung up. This fanatical desire slavery not an evil, but a blessing.

Formerly by all, and still by all right thinking men, slavery was regarded as a bag, ugly, deformity, wrinkled, and covered with the dust and paint of barbarity; but now we are told it is an angel of beauty, a virgin decked in bridal attire, to be gazed on with complacency and love! Candidates who aspire to gubernatorial honors are made to renounce opinions held a quarter of a century ago, and give in their adhesion to this new dogma, to wit, that slavery is a blessing. It is not any longer the question how a cancer can be cured—whether by knife or caustic, or other remedial agencies—but to have a cancer is now proclaimed to be a sound and normal condition of the human system, the highest type of health, and, if on the face, an ornament and beauty spot. Every one who enjoys perfect health, must have this form of disease gnawing at his vitals. The spirit of this fanaticism has taken possession of the Democratic party, and worked therein a wonderful and almost incredible transformation; for, since the Age drew up the reins and started on their journey, I do not suppose they have witnessed such a stupendous lie as the Democratic party now is. I speak of the organization, without any reference to the individuals who compose the party. "From the wiles of the foot even unto the head, there is no soundness in it; but wounds and bruises, and putrifying sores; they have not been closed, neither bound up, neither mollified with ointment"—unmedicated and unbandaged, it drips with its fetid pretences.

Look at the President's message, now under discussion. It is insistent with simulation and deceit. Professedly he deprecates the discussion and agitation of the slavery question, and yet the whole of the message is engrossed with it. Not a leading topic of that state paper that has not a direct or remote bearing on it. What do we want of another slice from Mexico? Is our population pressing against our boundaries? Let the vast regions within our present limits yet unoccupied, and which will not be occupied for the next half century, answer that question. Why, then, does the Executive urge the acquisition of more of the Mexican domain? Is it that slavery and Disunion, twin born of Darkness, may have a rail car in which to ride. This is openly avowed, in the other end of the Capitol. What is that part of the message relating to Kansas, but the querulous last word of an old man, whose Pro-Slavery policy had been condemned by the country? What occasion is there for the doleful tone of the message in regard to the future decadence of the Republic, which has given rise in Europe to so many prophecies of ill omens in regard to our future? How eagerly the advocates of despotic government catch up this Democratic slander, and foretell the downfall of our free institutions.

But what is the trouble? Is there any disloyalty to the Union among the Republicans, or indeed among any class in the free States? No. Any disaffection toward our principles of Government? None. Did the Chief indicate the message under the influence of too deep pontification from the distillations of Rye? No one believes this. The Slaveryists of the Administration had received a terrible rebuke from the people. They had repudiated the President's Kansas Policy, the advocates of the Kansas table, and the poor man, shocked and terrified, and turning his back, like King Lear, thought the Government was falling to pieces, because Slavery Propagandism had been repudiated by the popular vote. Alas! how many

are the children of those two women and those two men, we have two families, each containing five children, who may at any time rise up in rebellion and murder, kill, slay, put to death, and otherwise take the lives of the white inhabitants of the country around them. We are very sorry that anything we have said or written, or seemed to be said or written, should induce these two colored men, and two colored women and ten colored children, to rise up and put to death the inhabitants of the county around them, and thus be guilty of insurrection and civil war against the United States of America, and bring upon our age and nation calamities, with which Don Quixote's encounter with the windmill, or Homer's battle of the frogs and mice dwindles into insignificance.—Western Christian Advocate.

Read over the whole message, and you will find its entire texture to be slavery. Every topic is discussed with reference to its bearings on the subject of slavery. And yet the Democrats, with an impudence that challenges our admiration for its subtlety, turn to us, and say, "Do not agitate this subject. Do not keep up this sectional strife! To agitate, to legislate, to make treaties, to annex territory, to purchase slaves, for slavery, is all right, but to do anything against slavery is wrong and sectional."

And here is another phase of this fanatical spirit, which has taken up its dwelling place in the Democratic party. It identifies slavery with the nation, and especially with the South.

Now, I am reckoned as ultra and extreme as most on this subject, and yet, no one has ever heard me say anything against the South. It is only against slavery that I have spoken, and I propose to assail that only in those modes justified by the Constitution; yet I am sectional, and Republicans are sectional. When they only seek to prevent the extension of a system which is under the ban of the civilized world, they are charged with being sectional. In Illinois, we have sprung full of this horror. And what is the proof? O, we have no delegates from slave States to attend our National Nominating Conventions. Why have we none? Mark; because if delegates attend these Conventions they are mobbed and driven into exile. What if we, in the free States should say to the Democrats, "If you attend the Charleston Convention, we will hang you," and thus keep them at home, and then reproach them with being a sectional party, because only the slaves were represented?—"Well you have no votes in the slave States; your principles do not circulate with us at all; you dare not even proclaim your doctrines among us." And why do not our principles circulate in the slave States? They used, for they are the principles of Washington, and Franklin, and other founders of the Republic. The reason why our principles do not circulate in the slave States, is that this despotism has, like another Napoleon, crushed out the freedom of speech and of the press. Allow us free access to the minds of the non-slaveholders of the South, and in one year we would have more Republican votes in proportion, in the slave States, than there are Democratic votes in the free States. "Your principles do not circulate down here," boasts the slavery propagandist. Sacred history tells us of a certain rich man who died, and who was very unfortunate in the selection of a future home; but, though an impassable gulf spread itself between him and a better world, it seems he could converse with those more happily situated.—Supposing, now, this man should list up his virtues, and send it booming across the chasm that yawns between heaven and hell, and say, "Ho, Abraham, Isaac, Gabriel, and you celestial generally, you are a sectional party up there; your principles do not circulate down here." And why does not heaven's truth circulate down here? Because the inmates are so wicked that they will not tolerate the presence of any angel preacher. This man must have been a good, sound, natural Democrat. And oh, I suppose, was that illustrious personage whom Milton has described as bridging the chasm that spread between earth and the place of his exile, and who claimed the right of carrying the local institutions of his realm into a Paradise.

An effort is making in Philadelphia to raise money to purchase Ellen Mitchell and her five children, held as slaves at Fredericksburg, Va. Her father was a white man and her mother a quadroon, and she and her children are as white as the average of Virginia white folks. She was manumitted by the will of Mrs. Judge Coulter, but the judges broke the will—always as easy process in such cases—and she and her children were re-enslaved to slavery. To those who think slavery not so good for white folks as for negroes, this case makes a strong appeal.

New York, March 26.—The Courier and Enquirer asserts that a filibustering expedition is ready to start for Cuba on the receipt of the instructions expected by the next steamer from Havana. Their headquarters are, and their arms and ammunition in some of the Southern cities. The men are ready to depart simultaneously from different parts of the Union, and secret agents are on the island engaged in preparing facilities.

CHARGE AT THE SOUTH.—Some of the editors in the slave States have recently ventured to the Whittier's name to his late poems, when they copy them. This people justice has hitherto been deaf, and the Quaker bard at the South.

From the Milwaukee Free Democrat.

GLOVER RESCUE—FUGITIVE SLAVE ACT.

Five years ago to-day, the people of this city assembled by thousands in the Court House Square to see what could be done for the protection of a poor bruised and battered man, kidnapped by official slave-catchers, under the forms of the Fugitive Slave Act. The hearts of the people were moved as the heart of one man, not simply because Joshua Glover was outraged, but because, if he could be deprived of his liberty without the benefit of the writ of *habeas corpus*, or the right of trial by jury, the rights and liberties of all were endangered. And the movement then originated, stimulated by the outrageous course of Judge Miller and the United States officers, and the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska act, went on, until, on the 13th of July, the Republican party was organized in this State, in Ohio and Indiana, and from that hour the principles of liberty have been rapidly progressing, till they are now in the ascendant in every free State east of the Rocky Mountains.

We need not recite the particulars of the Glover rescue case. These are familiar to all our readers. But the principles vindicated in that case by the decision of our Supreme Court, are of vital significance today. They are not yet established in the nation.

It is well known that the Supreme Court of the United States is composed of a majority of slave holders and completely under the control of the Slave Power, and that whatever the slave interests demand of it is done. Under this influence it has reversed its time-honored decisions in favor of liberty, and virtually established slavery in all the States and Territories of the Union.

ITS DECISION IN THE BOSTON CASE.

It will not be surprising, then, to any well-informed person, that the U. S. Supreme Court at Washington have decided our case against the decision of our Supreme Court. The New York Herald, of the 7th inst., publishes the following as a part of its Washington correspondence:

[The substance of the decision we have before given to our readers, so we omit it here.—Ed. Bugle.]

From this report, it will be seen that the Supreme Court of the United States affirm that the U. S. Marshall has a right to resist, by force, our State authorities and our State Courts. We are, of course, so far as this decision goes, now re-

turned back to the condition in which we were before our Supreme Court released us. In other words, we are remanded again to prison. It remains to be seen whether Wisconsin will back down from its high position, or whether she will maintain the decision of her Supreme Court. This question is to be decided in the coming judicial election. If Mr. Lynde is chosen, the Court at Washington will be endorsed. If Judge Paine is elected, the Supreme Court of the State will be rebuffed, and the rights and liberties of the people will be protected against slave catchers, kidnappers and their chetters—the United States officials—and the sovereignty and independence of the State be preserved against the usurpations of the Federal Government.

As the Federal power at Washington has constructively remanded us to prison, and declared the action of our State revolutionary, we should like to know if the Federal authorities intend to proceed against us in the sneaking, cowardly manner in which the Supreme Court assumes jurisdiction in our case. They sent down a demand to our Supreme Court for the papers in our case, and our Court refused them, denying their jurisdiction. And the Supreme Court at Washington, instead of boldly attacking our Supreme Court for contempt, as they should have done, if they had appellate jurisdiction over them, sneakily got a *franchise*—the attorney laying it of the clerk—and on this *franchise* they proceeded to try and adjudge the case. The great High Court of the nation afraid to meet the responsibilities of their position, acting like cowards, and getting possession of the case in an underhand manner, and dodging the issue raised by the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, like a set of cowards! They dare not meet the Court, but magnify their authority by exhorting it against a private citizen. We are ready to meet the case tried on again. But let it be done openly and above board. And when we get another writ of *habeas corpus*, we shall see whether the U. S. Marshall will resist the writ by force.

COLORED POPULATION OF BOSTON.

A friend and well wisher of ours, who does not agree with us in our position, but who respects us as that adherence to honest conviction by which his own life is characterized,—complained to us lately of the tone in which the colored population of the country were spoken of in the Courier.

Whatever inference may have been drawn, justly or unjustly, from any particular expressions which may have dropped from the pen in the hurry of composition, we here take occasion to say, that nobody does us injustice who thinks or says that we are indifferent to the welfare of the colored people, or disposed, through wantonness, to wound their feelings. Such is not the case. We feel none other than kindness and good will to this portion of our population, and would ever knowingly forgo any opportunity to serve them, or help them serve themselves. The colored population of Boston, during the last twenty-five years, has made very distinct and decided progress, and such progress is most honorable to them. They lead more moral and reputable lives; they are possessed of more property and live more comfortably; they are more anxious to improve their own minds, and to educate their children—indeed their anxiety to have their people well educated, and the honest pains and sacrifices they are at, to have them morally dressed, are most creditable to them. These things show that they were entirely worthy of the boon which has been bestowed upon them now, in every town and city in the State, of having their children educated at the same schools with the whites.

We are glad of this progress; and we are also glad of the gradual melting away of the prejudices once entertained by their white brethren towards them. Certainly, there never was anything more nutritious than the spectacle which we can remember in the parish churches of New England, of a few colored worshippers stuck up in a sort of wallow's nest under the eaves, as if they were lepers or pariahs. The men whose devotions are disturbed by having a family of well behaved and decently dressed colored persons in the pew next to him, may know much of the doctrines of Christianity, but is very little imbued with its spirit. We think Massachusetts is honorably distinguished by its bearings towards its colored population, not merely by giving them equal political privileges with the whites, but by the increasing willingness of its people to recognize their social rights, and to deal with them in a spirit of humanity and Christianity.

In this feeling we do most distinctly share. We feel no prejudice against them. We do prefer a white face to a black one; but we have no objections to meet a colored man in any of the relations of life, provided that his manners, appearance, conversation, dress, are such that, were they possessed by a white man, it would be comfortable to meet him in a similar relation. We don't like to come very near a man who is filthy or noxious, be he black or white. But by the color merely, we are not repelled; and we think no man ought to be.

And yet we suppose there are many who will say that this is all affectation and pretence, because we are not abolitionists or free soilers, and don't believe in slavery agitation, political or non-political. We cannot help this. Fanaticism never can look except through its own loop-holes, or rather gimblet-holes; it never sees but one side of anything, and what does not come within its line of observation, it never can see at all.—Boston Courier.

ANTICIPATED INSURRECTION.—The editor of this paper, and the agents of the Western Book Concern, are indicted in one of the counties of Virginia, for publishing and circulating matter calculated to produce an insurrection among the slaves. The matter complained of was something in the Western Christian Advocate, some time last fall.

We learn from reliable authority, that in the twenty-fourth of March, there were eleven slaves in all. It is but reasonable to suppose that in this number there may be one adult man and one adult woman. On the supposition that these men are the heads of those women, and that the remaining ten slaves are the children of those two women and those two

men, we have two families, each containing five children, who may at any time rise up in rebellion and murder, kill, slay, put to death, and otherwise take the lives of the white inhabitants of the country around them. We are very sorry that anything we have said or written, or seemed to be said or written, should induce these two colored men, and two colored women and ten colored children, to rise up and put to death the inhabitants of the county around them, and thus be guilty of insurrection and civil war against the United States of America, and bring upon our age and nation calamities, with which Don Quixote's encounter with the windmill, or Homer's battle of the frogs and mice dwindles into insignificance.—Western Christian Advocate.

Read over the whole message, and you will find its entire texture to be slavery. Every topic is discussed with reference to its bearings on the subject of slavery. And yet the Democrats, with an impudence that challenges our admiration for its subtlety, turn to us, and say, "Do not agitate this subject. Do not keep up this sectional strife! To agitate, to legislate, to make treaties, to annex territory, to purchase slaves, for slavery, is all right, but to do anything against slavery is wrong and sectional."

And here is another phase of this fanatical spirit, which has taken up its dwelling place in the Democratic party. It identifies slavery with the nation, and especially with the South.

Now, I am reckoned as ultra and extreme as most on this subject, and yet, no one has ever heard me say anything against the South. It is only against slavery that I have spoken, and I propose to assail that only in those modes justified by the Constitution; yet I am sectional, and Republicans are sectional. When they only seek to prevent the extension of a system which is under the ban of the civilized world, they are charged with being sectional. In Illinois, we have sprung full of this horror. And what is the proof? O, we have no delegates from slave States to attend our National Nominating Conventions. Why have we none? Mark; because if delegates attend these Conventions they are mobbed and driven into exile. What if we, in the free States should say to the Democrats, "If you attend the Charleston Convention, we will hang you," and thus keep them at home, and then reproach them with being a sectional party, because only the slaves were represented?—"Well you have no votes in the slave States; your principles do not circulate with us at all; you dare not even proclaim your doctrines among us." And why do not our principles circulate in the slave States? They used, for they are the principles of Washington, and Franklin, and other founders of the Republic. The reason why our principles do not circulate in the slave States, is that this despotism has, like another Napoleon, crushed out the freedom of speech and of the press. Allow us free access to the minds of the non-slaveholders of the South, and in one year we would have more Republican votes in proportion, in the slave States, than there are Democratic votes in the free States. "Your principles do not circulate down here," boasts the slavery propagandist. Sacred history tells us of a certain rich man who died, and who was very unfortunate in the selection of a future home; but, though an impassable gulf spread itself between him and a better world, it seems he could converse with those more happily situated.—Supposing, now, this man should list up his virtues, and send it booming across the chasm that yawns between heaven and hell, and say, "Ho, Abraham, Isaac, Gabriel, and you celestial generally, you are a sectional party up there; your principles do not circulate down here." And why does not heaven's truth circulate down here? Because the inmates are so wicked that they will not tolerate the presence of any angel preacher. This man must have been a good, sound, natural Democrat. And oh, I suppose, was that illustrious personage whom Milton has described as bridging the chasm that spread between earth and the place of his exile, and who claimed the right of carrying the local institutions of his realm into a Paradise.

An effort is making in Philadelphia to raise money to purchase Ellen Mitchell and her five children, held as slaves at Fredericksburg, Va. Her father was a white man and her mother a quadroon, and she and her children are as white as the average of Virginia white folks. She was manumitted by the will of Mrs. Judge Coulter, but the judges broke the will—always as easy process in such cases—and she and her children were re-enslaved to slavery. To those who think slavery not so good for white folks as for negroes, this case makes a strong appeal.

New York, March 26.—The Courier and Enquirer asserts that a filibustering expedition is ready to start for Cuba on the receipt of the instructions expected by the next steamer from Havana. Their headquarters are, and their arms and ammunition in some of the Southern cities. The men are ready to depart simultaneously from different parts of the Union, and secret agents are on the island engaged in preparing facilities.

CHARGE AT THE SOUTH.—Some of the editors in the slave States have recently ventured to the Whittier's name to his late poems, when they copy them. This people justice has hitherto been deaf, and the Quaker bard at the South.

From the Milwaukee Free Democrat.

GLOVER RESCUE—FUGITIVE SLAVE ACT.

Five years ago to-day, the people of this city assembled by thousands in the Court House Square to see what could be done for the protection of a poor bruised and battered man, kidnapped by official slave-catchers, under the forms of the Fugitive Slave Act. The hearts of the people were moved as the heart of one man, not simply because Joshua Glover was outraged, but because, if he could be deprived of his liberty without the benefit of the writ of *habeas corpus*, or the right of trial by jury, the rights and liberties of all were endangered. And the movement then originated, stimulated by the outrageous course of Judge Miller and the United States officers, and the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska act, went on, until, on the 13th of July, the Republican party was organized in this State, in Ohio and Indiana, and from that hour the principles of liberty have been rapidly progressing, till they are now in the ascendant in every free State east of the Rocky Mountains.

We need not recite the particulars of the Glover rescue case. These are familiar to all our readers. But the principles vindicated in that case by the decision of our Supreme Court, are of vital significance today. They are not yet established in the nation.

It is well known that the Supreme Court of the United States is composed of a majority of slave holders and completely under the control of the Slave Power, and that whatever the slave interests demand of it is done. Under this influence it has reversed its time-honored decisions in favor of liberty, and virtually established slavery in all the States and Territories of the Union.

ITS DECISION IN THE BOSTON CASE.

It will not be surprising, then, to any well-informed person, that the U. S. Supreme Court at Washington have decided our case against the decision of our Supreme Court. The New York Herald, of the 7th inst., publishes the following as a part of its Washington correspondence:

[The substance of the decision we have before given to our readers, so we omit it here.—Ed. Bugle.]

From this report, it will be seen that the Supreme Court of the United States affirm that the U. S. Marshall has a right to resist, by force, our State authorities and our State Courts. We are, of course, so far as this decision goes, now re-

turned back to the condition in which we were before our Supreme Court released us. In other words, we are remanded again to prison. It remains to be seen whether Wisconsin will back down from its high position, or whether she will maintain the decision of her Supreme Court. This question is to be decided in the coming judicial election. If Mr. Lynde is chosen, the Court at Washington will be endorsed. If Judge Paine is elected, the Supreme Court of the State will be rebuffed, and the rights and liberties of the people will be protected against slave catchers, kidnappers and their chetters—the United States officials—and the sovereignty and independence of the State be preserved against the usurpations of the Federal Government.

As the Federal power at Washington has constructively remanded us to prison, and declared the action of our State revolutionary, we should like to know if the Federal authorities intend to proceed against us in the sneaking, cowardly manner in which the Supreme Court assumes jurisdiction in our case. They sent down a demand to our Supreme Court for the papers in our case, and our Court refused them, denying their jurisdiction. And the Supreme Court at Washington, instead of boldly attacking our Supreme Court for contempt, as they should have done, if they had appellate jurisdiction over them, sneakily got a *franchise*—the attorney laying it of the clerk—and on this *franchise* they proceeded to try and adj

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SLAVE SELLING.

We have received a copy of the *Southern Methodist Review*, a paper published in Parkersburg, West Virginia, "for the Western Virginia Conference," evidently committed to the interests of the M. E. Church South, in which is an article designed expressly for our information. We were not aware of the existence of such a paper before, and are thankful for the favor. Were it not for the crowded state of our columns we would quote it entire. The substance of the article is the charge that Methodist and members of the Northern Church, that is, of the Church to which we belong, in Western Virginia, do buy and sell slaves just as freely as any other people, and with out any Church sanction therefor. In proof of which, it states that "during the month of August, 1857, Mr. Isaac Lynch, a member of the M. E. Church in West Milford, Harrison county, Virginia, who is the owner of five slaves—sold one of them, a boy about 22 years old, to John R. Dawson, a 'slave driver' living in Clarkburg, Va., who immediately carried him to Baltimore, and there sold him to one of the regular 'slave buyers,' who purchased for the Southern market. Daniel, for that was the slave's name, was a member of the same class with his master, and was, at the time of the sale." Poor Daniel pleaded with his master, on his knees, but it was of no use; he was surprised of an intention to run away, was hurried to the slave pen on Sunday, and sold the next Thursday, in spite of bitter tears—and the master was compelled to meet in class without his servant. Rev. R. L. Brooks is said to be preacher in charge, and Rev. G. Battelle, Presiding Elder. By looking at our Minutes of the Conference, we find that Rev. R. L. Brooks is stationed at Burnsville, with F. H. J. King for a colleague, and Rev. G. Battelle is the Presiding Elder. Bro. Battelle was a member of our last General Conference.

The *Review* proceeds to inform us that in the same class John Hurrey sold a slave boy, in spite of his mother, in the same way, and is yet "an acceptable member; and also Col. N. L. Patton purchased two or three slaves, and then withdrew from the Church, taking 'a letter of good standing' also 'James Lynch, Esq., who lives on Brown's Creek,' purchases slaves freely. All these, we are further informed, are 'specimen cases, and what members of the M. E. Church there, buy, sell and 'grow' slaves, 'as other persons, and the Church refuse to deal with them for the same.'"

Some may ask why we call this "slender?" We reply that our readers who have not yet learned the position of Zion's Herald. It is this—perfect fairness. If we learn of any fact commending our Church in that region, we publish it, and if we learn any showing complicity with slavery, we publish it. We are determined that the public shall know as much as we do about the subject. We belong to no party, and seek the special favor of none, and fear the opposition of none. We hate the institution of buying and selling, and "growing" men and women for the market, as we do the devil; and the less we should hate it, the less self respect we should have.

Let, then, the facts be made known, and the border decide whether they will be free from slavery or not. If yes, then we will unite all our influence with theirs; if no, the sooner they are separated from us the better.—*Zion's Herald*.

LUCK AND PLUCK.

Every community has its "lucky" man. The boys in the street know him and point him out as he passes, the admiring crowd list their bets to him, the unsuccessful every one and perhaps introduce him. If he was not born with a gold spoon in his mouth, he has long since exchanged his wooden one for a silver. Every thing he touches seems to turn to his advantage. That farm he bought a few years since, would now sell for double the money. If there is but one good crop raised in the town, you will find it in his field; and then what prices his produce always brings him. Depend upon it, there's no one, thing in it, "he's a lucky man." This is the outside view and a most pernicious one. Let a man "come his stars," complain of his hard fate, and sigh and wait for luck; let him feed the novitiate, that someone is something definite, uncertain, which may or may not follow after, as a kind of mysticism, uncontrollable chance may direct, and it is not difficult to predict his future. He stars will be all unlucky; the golden sunset with its splendid train of glorious results, for which he looks, will never be seen above his horizon.

The man of "luck" is a man of "pluck." We like that word. It is solid and yet elastic. It has a ring like steel. It tells of a man who does not know when he is conquered. If the backward spring disappoints his calculations for a large crop, he is sure to have a field of buckwheat; or if this fails, he rejoices in a fallow ready for a notable yield of winter grain. If debt presses heavily upon him, it but bends him more closely to his work. But more than all is the "plucky" man distinguished by venturing boldly when there is a probability that success may be attained. Scarcely a man of fifty years, but remembers the time that success was within his reach, had he possessed will enough to break from his old routine, and follow the opening; while many a one has been deterred from competence and even fortune, by timidity adhering to "good old ways," good—only to age. The cultivator especially, who looks to common sense, must have not only the energy which wins against opposition, and bears up under misfortune, but also the enterprise which looks for and adopts improvements; and there never was a time when such enterprise had more promise of success, for never before were improvements, both in the manner and the implements of cultivation, more marked and abundant. The plucky man of today will be the lucky man ten years hence.—*American Agriculturist*.

THE MOTHER WHO LOVED TOO DEARLY

The tender mother of slaveholding is cruel—its punishments seem like. An instance of the latter has just occurred in Kentucky which makes the gorge rise to recount. In October, 1858, a colored woman named Juliet, who some twelve years ago was purchased by the Rev. John G. Fee, of his father, was arrested and thrown into jail in Bracken county. Juliet had often cradled the Rev. Mr. Fee in her arms when he was an infant, and he bought her to make her free. Four years since she removed to Ohio, and made a new home sixteen miles from her old one. Her younger children, four in number, born after her liberation, she took with her to Ohio. The mother left two children, and grand children still in bondage, whom, with a mother's undying affection she loved, and by whom she had hoped to be surrounded in her declining years, in a land where the mother can call her offspring her own.

Juliet learned that a young son of her former master was about to return to his home in New Orleans, and take a number of her slave children

with him. With a mother's love and desire she made a desperate effort to prevent their deliverance. Overlaid, then, and under the lawman slave laws of Kentucky was seized and thrown into prison, charged with enticing or attempting to entice away ten slaves, the property of John Fee and others. The arrest was made October 18th, 1858. Bail in the sum of \$500 was at first demanded. A citizen of Bracken county gave the bail required. No sooner was Juliet released than she was rearrested, and other warrants were obtained, the bail in each case being fixed at \$500. No one being willing to meet such accumulation of bail, the unhappy mother was returned to jail, thus cut off from all her children, free and bond.

The trial of Juliet came on the 24th of March, and a jury of twelve chivalrous Kentuckians found the poor old black mother guilty of loving her own offspring too dearly; and a humane Kentucky judge sentenced that humble mother, a member of good standing in the Presbyterian Church in the village in which she resided, who had been guilty of nature's great crime of risking her own liberty to secure that of her children, to the cells of a Kentucky penitentiary for three long years!

Well might Jefferson exclaim upon contemplating an institution so accursed as human slavery—"I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just; that his justice cannot sleep forever!"—*Cleveland Leader*.

DR. FRANKLIN'S ONLY SON.

As the name of Franklin is ever so prominently before the public, it may not be uninteresting to give some account of his only son, William, about whom we think little is known by the community at large. Unlike his father, whose chief claim is for the invaluable services he rendered his country in her greatest need, the son was from the first a devoted royalist. Before the Revolutionary War he held several civil and military offices of importance. At the commencement of the war he held the office of Governor of New Jersey, which appointment he received in 1772. When the difficulties between the mother country and the colonies were coming to a crisis, he threw his whole influence in favor of loyalty, and endeavored to prevent the legislative assembly of New Jersey from sanctioning the proceedings of the General Congress of Philadelphia. These efforts, however, did but little to stay the tide of popular sentiment in favor of resistance to tyranny, and only involved him in difficulty. He was deposed from office by the Whigs, to give place to William Livingston, and spent a prisoner in Connecticut, where he remained two years in East Windsor, in the house of Capt. Rensselaer Grant, where the Theological Seminary now stands. In 1778 he was exchanged, and soon after went to England. There he spent the remainder of his life, receiving a pension from the British Government for the loss he sustained by his fidelity. He died in 1813, at the age of 82. As might have been expected, his opposition to the cause of liberty, so dear to the heart of his father, produced an estrangement between them. For years they had no intercourse. When, in 1794, the son wrote to his father, in his reply Dr. Franklin says, "Nothing has ever hurt me so much, and affected me with such keen sensations, as to find myself deserted in my old age by my only son; and not only deserted, but to find him taking up arms against me in a cause wherein my good name, fortune, and life were all at stake." In his will, also, he alludes to the part his son had acted. After making some bequests, he adds: "The part he acted against me in the late war, which is of public notoriety, will account for my leaving him no more of an estate he endeavored to deprive me of." The patriotism of the father stands forth all the brighter when contrasted with the desertion of the son.

Communications.

NOTES FROM A FIELD HAND.

Dear Ben: Starting out from Salem on foot a journey of nine miles brought me to the land of Goshen, not the ancient land that flowed with milk and honey, but nevertheless, I found it a goodly land with many goodly people therein, and with abundance of fine maple molasses that I could willingly accept in the place of the honey that did not flow, and I also found an occasional apple, that "meane of grace" that I luxuriated upon so extensively when I was in those "realms," a year ago, but which I have found scarcer than angel's visits, the past winter.

My first meeting in this vicinity was at a school house just west of

PATRON.

But I had there none of those apocryphic views that entranced John when he journeyed in the land of that name. Neither had I any vision of a Methodist priest by the name of Campbell, who would affirm that the M. E. Church is not a pro-slavery church, and that no well defined case of slaveholding can be found within it, to the disparage of which proposition he challenges the world. But, alas, when a champion appears willing and capable of proving him false in both propositions, he finds that discretion is the better part of valor, and declines entering the list upon the lame and impotent excuse, that he fears that his opponent is not a believer. Well, his opponents do not believe in the Christian character of the Slaveholding M. E. Church, nor in elevating grades, sects, and Christianity, above justice, humanity, and Christianity.

As this valiant man did not appear I had to content myself with putting against his proposition, the general facts of the case, and the work of H. Mattison, a preacher in good standing and unimpeached position in the M. E. Church, who is probably no more of a "believer" for this Mr. Campbell, who appears to believe with H. Mattison, that

"He who fights and runs away, May live to fight another day, While he who is in battle slain, Will never live to fight again."

I disposed of quite a number of Mr. Mattison's books in that vicinity, and would have commended it to all who are desirous of knowing the facts of the slaveholding, slave-trading, and slave-trading character of the M. E. Church, North. It is entitled "THE IMPENDING CRISIS OF 1860, OR THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE M. E. CHURCH WITH SLAVERY," and can be obtained through the mail by enclosing nine postage stamps in "H. Mattison care of Mason Brothers, New York City."

I do not agree with all of Mr. Mattison's views or conclusions. But the facts he has here compiled, are indisputable, and as a book of facts and reliable statistics it is endorsed by "Zion's Herald," the "Methodist Quarterly Review," the "North Eastern Christian Advocate," and other prominent Methodist papers.

I held two meetings at this school house, which were well attended by quiet attentive listeners, and from there I went to

then brightened again when our friend M. R. Boone was rebuked so thoroughly and indignantly and said more than twenty years ago.

My first meeting was in a School House in the south east corner of the town, and was well attended by many who came to hear and understand, while a few seemed to have come to amuse themselves at the expense of the quiet part of the audience, and one or two very poor men were determined to have me deny the Bible, the Sabbath, etc., and with stupid ignorance much disturbed the meeting by their busy details of things that I had not uttered, fully showing by their bearing that they had not advanced far, if any, from the position of those who tarred and feathered Maria; it is rumored that one of the prominent men of the town who instigated the outrage on Maria, has recently inherited a considerable slave property. I wonder if the future prospects of this earthly possession had any influence to move him to that former delusion.

My next meeting was held in the School House one mile south of Berlin center, and was fully attended by a respectable and intelligent appearing audience, who listened quietly while I discoursed to them an hour and three quarters, upon their position and ecclesiastical complicity with Slavery.

On Sunday I held two meetings at a School house east of Putnam and in the north east corner of Goshen. The morning meeting was attended by more people than there were seats to accommodate, and they had quite an intelligent, interested appearance as they attentively listened to my two hours talk upon Christianity and its relations to American Slavery. The evening meeting was more fully attended still, by a quiet, attentive audience to whom I discoursed an hour and a half upon their political complicity with and duties to Slavery and a Slaveholding government.

And here ends, I think, my four months' work in Ohio.

J. A. H.

TRIAL OF THE WELLINGTON RESCUERS.

U. S. COURT ROOM, CLEVELAND, April 5.

DEAR BEN: You know that we are often told that we who are non-jurors, and repudiate the Government, have of right no claim under it, to sue to live on its soil. But we never admit this. We claim the right not only to live under it, but to find fault with it, and labor diligently for its reformation or overthrow. And believing that it is our special province to search out its errors, and weaknesses, and expose them, we claim the right to watch all its proceedings with care, and give the public our views thereof. In pursuit of this laudable motive, I find myself in this Court Room, to watch the proceedings of the "Rescue Case," as a spectator only, not as a member or party.

As every citizen of the United States is of necessity parties to this prosecution against these citizens of Oberlin and Wellington, charged with the offense of rescuing "with force and arms" lawfully, knowingly and willingly, the said Negro Slave, called John, then and there being pursued and reclaimed, seized and arrested, "in the great danger of the said John G. Bacon, contrary to the form of the Act of Congress in such cases made and provided, and against the power and dignity of the United States." Indeed these thirty eight defendants are really parties against themselves, for they are for the most part citizens, and voluntary parties to the government, and by their agitated and paid agents are prosecuting themselves.

The Case is before the U. S. District Judge, Hiram V. Wilson of this City. The prosecution is sustained by the District Attorney Judge G. W. Belden of Canton, Stark Co., aided by Judge George Bliss of this City.

The Defence is managed by Judge R. P. Spaulding, F. T. Backus, S. O. Griswold, and A. G. Riddle, all of Cleveland. A formidable corps.

The morning session was occupied mainly with calling and examining the Jury, and with calling the witnesses. The Defendants have placed themselves somewhat upon the fact that they were to have a *Struck Jury*, but this privilege amounts to nothing, as the Clerk of the Court, and the Marshal of the District, both of course sound Administration men, select forty men such as they choose, and then the Defendants may strike off twelve of the men, alternating with the Government who also strike off twelve names, thus leaving sixteen, from whom the necessary twelve are empaneled for the Jury. Blessed privilege! The prosecution have selected in this case, forty of the hardest shelled, untried democrats in northern Ohio, and give the defendants the poor show of striking off twelve, while they do the same, leaving a jury still as sound and hard on the Democratic Cause as any that have been struck off.

The Jury and Witnesses were sworn, and District Attorney Belden told the Jury that he should attempt to prove all the "indictment" charged, that these Defendants knew that John was a person legally held to service, and that he was legally arrested to be returned to the man to whom the service was due, and that they knew that the said John was willing and desirous to go back.

Judge Spaulding, for the defence, stated that they should claim that John owed no service or labor to this claimant, or any one else, and that no such claim could be made under the Constitution or laws of the United States. And he then gave somewhat of an outline of the common Gerrit Smith argument against the Fugitive Slave clause of the Constitution, and said that they should claim that this defendant committed no unlawful act, even if it could be proved that he rescued John from the persons that illegally restrained him of his liberty.

The first witness called was John G. Bacon, of Mason Co., Ky., the claimant of John's service. He appeared rather sheepish and did not look round very manfully upon the packed court room, but watched the floor closely and kept his voice below his throat as he testified that he was the lawful owner of John, whom he inherited from his father, to whom he was born, "in his own knowledge, and within his recollection," of a slave woman. That he ran away in Jan. 1856 with other "niggers" called Frank and Dick, taking with him two of his horses, and although he recovered the horses, where they had been left, he had not seen the "niggers" since.

He described John as 5 feet 8 or 10 inches high, heavy built, copper colored, 18 years old, and with black hair, the only slave he owned, Frank belonging to another man.

He further testified that he employed Anderson Jennings a neighbor, as his own offer, to recapture John, whom Jennings had seen at Oberlin, agreeing to give him half the "nigger" would bring, as compensation for the recapture and return of the property.

John thereon was signed by his name, though not written by himself, but apparently by his deputy.—(A capital certifying witness.)

Anderson Jennings, the negro hunter, next appeared—a man with low forehead, porcupine hair, swinish eyes, and altogether a brutal fellow—and testified in the general circumstances of the arrangement between himself and Bacon, the arrest and rescue. But he testified in contradiction of Bacon's testimony, that there was no bargain between them as to compensation, but that he did it as a neighborly kindness; that he hired a boy named Reymon to decoy John out of Oberlin, into the officer's hands, on pretence of wanting to hire him to dig potatoes, and paid the boy twenty dollars for the fraud.

He testified to a good deal of fright at the time of the rescue, and that he thought there must have been a thousand of the rescuers armed variously with shot-guns, rifles and other weapons.

While this witness was on the stand, the court adjourned till to-morrow, and here I must leave you for this time. The large and beautiful new Court house was crowded throughout the day's proceedings, by attentive spectators, who appear to feel much interest in the matter, and sympathy for the defence. All is quiet, however, and orderly, and courteous demeanor marks the bearing of all the officials and parties.

The Marshall J. K. Lowe, who made the arrest of John, was yesterday arrested, charged with kidnapping, and held to bail under the State law for his arrest and kidnapping of John.

J. A. H.

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

SALEM, OHIO, APRIL 9, 1859.

An adjourned meeting of the Executive Committee will be held on the 17th inst., at the usual hour and place.

POWER OF THE SUPREME COURT.

The recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of S. M. Booth, is producing a good effect upon community by exhibiting in a strong and unmistakable light the authority claimed, and the power exercised by that body. Its powers as simply defined in the Federal Constitution, were regarded as infringing upon the rights and liberties of no one; and the people contented first, to its creation, and afterwards, to its continuance because its real power had never been practically and tangibly demonstrated. It was a beautiful and magnificent creation—this Supreme Court—with a look as meek as a Grimaldian in repose, its claws hid within its velvet paw, and its keen teeth concealed from the observer's sight, and its purr was most musical. But now its whole appearance is changed, and we have a savage and infuriated beast, armed with terrible teeth and claws, and invested with constitutional authority to kill and devour.

The decision referred to, is no more than what every one who understands the Constitution had a right to expect, and was bound to anticipate. And yet some of the editorial fraternity appear utterly astounded by the voice from Washington. The *New York Tribune* says:

"It is stated that the Supreme Court at Washington has decided that the writ of habeas corpus, when issued by a State Court, has no effect to release a citizen of such State when he is held by Federal process; no matter how unauthorized, unjust or oppressive such restraint may be. This decision is equivalent to a denial of the writ, as an instrument of protection against Federal persecution or tyranny."

"If the States of this Union have any political rights whatever, they have the right to defend and protect their citizens against all wrongs and all oppressions, and in certain cases their only resort would be the writ of habeas corpus. Deny them this, and the States cease to be the guardians and protectors of their own citizens."

"Any State of this Union that will yield to such an interpretation of its political rights as this, is only fit to be enslaved. The spirit of freedom spurns it with contempt."

The first paragraph not only states the decision of the Supreme Court, but gives the editor's inference as to what that decision is equivalent to.

The second one is a condensed argument built upon said inference.

The third sounds very much like declamation. Let us look at them separately.

The power of the Supreme Court of the United States is clearly defined in Article 3rd, Section 2d of the Constitution, wherein it declares that its judicial power "shall extend to all cases in law and equity arising under this Constitution, the laws of the United States, and the treaties made, or which shall be made under their authority."

It is declared that all cases "in which a State shall be a party, the Supreme Court shall have original jurisdiction. In all the other cases before mentioned, the Supreme Court shall have appellate jurisdiction, both as to law and fact." It matters not in what light the case of S. M. Booth is regarded, whether as involving a violation of United States law by a private individual, or as a violation of the same law by a State, which stepping in between the U. S. and S. M. Booth, assumes the responsibility by endorsing his case. The Supreme Court has jurisdiction in both cases—it has appellate jurisdiction in the case of S. M. Booth, the individual, and original jurisdiction in the case of the State of Wisconsin as the endorser of Booth. In either case its decision is final, and either form of the dilemma puts Booth in the hands of the Supreme Court, which means fine and imprisonment for doing a Christian deed.

The writ of habeas corpus is valuable, when the laws are just and righteous, but almost worthless when the laws are unjust and oppressive. It is not, as the Tribune intimates in its second paragraph, a writ which protects the citizen against wrong and oppression. Its design and its operation is simply to guard against, or rather to release from illegal arrests, and nothing more.

The Judge who issues a writ of habeas corpus simply calls upon the custodian of the individual in whose behalf it has been granted, to bring the body of the said person before him at a certain time, and show cause why he holds him in duress. If legal cause can be shown, the prisoner is not discharged, but if there be no such cause, he is freed. A warrant from a U. S. Commissioner, legally served, and legally executed, is a sufficient cause. The warrant of a State Executive for the rendition of a fugitive from justice, is a sufficient cause. The legal arrest of foreign criminals as provided for in Article 8th of the Constitution, is a sufficient cause, provided any action whatever, is a sufficient cause, provided it can be shown that by that action the person was "deprived of liberty by due process of law."

The U. S. law under which the warrant of the Commissioner was issued, may be unjust, but the writ of habeas corpus does not prevent that question for adjudication. The State law which the fugitive from justice has violated, may be oppressive, but under a writ of habeas corpus the Judge

is not authorized to inquire into that matter. The Treaty made by the President and Senate, may be unrighteous, but the writ of habeas corpus does not authorize its abrogation.

The decision of the Supreme Court in the Booth case, does not, and cannot possibly affect the writ of habeas corpus, for the Constitution forbids its suspension except in time of war. If practically it is worth but little, it is not because of any action of the Supreme Court, but because of the oppressive and unrighteous laws, organic and legislative, which the people have made, and by due process of which, men are fined and imprisoned because of their Christian acts.

The third paragraph of the Tribune would mean something if written by an abolitionist—if penned by one who did not swear year after year that he would support, and compel us to submit to, a Constitution which provides a Supreme Court to be the expounder of Federal laws. It is possible that Wisconsin will not submit to the government of slaveholding centralization—we hope she will not. But New York will, and we doubt, whether, beside the exception we have named, and possibly one or two others, there is another State in the North which possesses enough of the spirit of liberty to resist the power which has already crushed out the best life of State Sovereignty, and is now blinding its prostrate form with yet heavier fetters.

The Tribune, as quoted, virtually recommends a dissolution of the Union, for resistance to the decision of the regularly appointed expounder of the Constitution and laws of the United States, is dissolution. We preach the same doctrine, and we mean it; the Tribune, we apprehend, does not mean it, and we doubt whether its aspirations in this direction ascend higher than a rhetorical flourish. We, however, put its declaration upon record, as we may hereafter have occasion to refer to it.

A MODEL ADDRESS.

The Paris papers contain an account of a government pensioner residing in an almshouse, who loaned to a friend a tract, in which the new Catholic dogma—the Immaculate Conception—was controverted. For this he was fined and reproved; the Judge reading him the following lecture:

"Blessed, you are a zealous Protestant; but if you would have your convictions respected, you must respect those of others. When a man is zealous he runs the risk of becoming intolerant. Why did you paste up in your room, where other people live besides yourself, prints which the management of the almshouse was forced to take down? You have been seen in the garden of the almshouse reading little books. There would have been no harm in that if they had been simply prayer books, but they were controversial works. What do you know about such things? Leave all controversy to wiser heads than yours, to priests and ministers, and above all things, don't lose yourself in making proselytes. To distribute pamphlets indiscriminately and without regard to distinctions of faith is a bad action. Are you aware that to give this pamphlet to the girl Cornelle was a very serious thing? A spirit of fanaticism and propaganda such as yours is very likely to trouble the public peace. Why should you distribute foreign books brought from Switzerland? Let the Swiss keep the books at home, and not send us any of them."

The South would probably call the Judge an intolerant old fool, and perhaps he was; at any rate, his mind was cast in the same mould in which the minds of the Southern Divines and Statesmen of the present day have generally been reared. The address is substantially what the South has said to the North over and over again. See how few words need to be changed to adapt it to Southern latitude!

Mudill, you are a zealous abolitionist; but if you would have your convictions respected, you must respect those of others. When a man is zealous, he runs the risk of becoming intolerant. Why did you speak aloud where others beside yourself had to hear, sentiments which the South so utterly disapproves? You have frequently been seen reading books. This would have been no harm had they been simply the publications of the American Tract Society, but they were controversial works, and anti-slavery at that. What do you know about slavery? Leave such controversy to wiser heads than yours, to Southern Statesmen and Divines, and above all things, don't lose yourself in making proselytes. To distribute pamphlets indiscriminately, and without regard to soundness on the ground, is a bad action. Are you aware that to give an anti-slavery pamphlet to a Southerner is a very serious thing? A spirit of fanaticism and propaganda such as yours is very likely to trouble the public peace. Why should you distribute in the South anti-slavery books brought from the North. Let the North keep such books at home and not send us any of them."

TRIVIAL CAUSES FOR DIVORCE.

A petition for divorce has been presented at the present session of the Pennsylvania Legislature, the proceedings connected with which are popularly known as the Fry case. The *Philadelphia Ledger* speaking of this matter, in connection with a bill of divorce in those States where only a very small amount of *innocuity* is needed to be proved in order to obtain a legal severance of the marriage tie, and also of the immorality which prevails in the fashionable society of our eastern cities, goes on to say:

"Paris is not so giddy and so godless as we are fast becoming. Mutual principle is wearing out of our fashionable society and into there. In England there is no general law for divorce, and it is only in rare cases and at an enormous expense that divorces can be obtained. In the State of Carolina a divorce never has been granted in a single case for any cause. Yet in many of the States there is really no telling what is and what is not a valid marriage; in many cases children may be legitimate in one State and illegitimate in another, and parties liable to the State prison for adultery in one State, who are living in lawful wedlock in the State adjoining. A similar law for loose looseness as to marriage, prevailed in Rome during its decline and fall."

Would it be illogical to conclude, that among the causes which have tended to such a result, is the toleration of a system which denies the legal rite of marriage to one sixth of the women in our land, and which claims the authority to render at its pleasure husband and wife, made such by the laws of God? Would it be illogical to conclude that such a state of things had been produced, in part, by the upholding of a religion which declares—to use the language of the *Southern River Baptist Association*—"That such separation between persons situated as our slaves are, is simply a separation by death, and we believe in the right of God, it would be no view?"

Can a man teach pitch, and not be deluded? Can a people deny the marriage relation to one sixth of the women in our land, and yet preserve the sanctity of the institution to the remaining five-sixths of their number?

GOOD.

A resolution has been made by the Governor of Massachusetts on the Governor of Mississippi for a man at Holly Springs, who had obtained goods in Boston on false pretences. On the arrival of the agent at Holly Springs, the people of that place got together a public meeting and resolved that as Massachusetts repudiated the rendition of fugitive slaves, she had no right to a requisition of any sort on Mississippi. The agent therefore was notified to leave, or he would be "trussed through" (his left, of course, so much wiser, at that time, that he now knows that a Mississippi merchant, according to Mississippi estimate, is on the same footing with a "runaway nigger."—*Exchange Tribune*).

Every blow on the wedge weakens the union of the log the woodman strikes to split; and in like manner, every violation of constitutional law, weakens the binding sense of constitutional obligation. Mississippi, however in the case above stated ran ahead of the facts, for Massachusetts has never yet refused to fulfill her part of the contract, and give up fugitive slaves; but on the contrary, her officials both civil and military have been prompt to do their constitutional duty.

We hope, however, that Massachusetts—seeing she will not dissolve her political connection with men-stealers—will assume an attitude which will practically ignore the rendition clause of the Constitution, even though she stands on no higher a plane than that of nullification. Then Mississippi, and every other slaveholding and slave-chasing State, would be justified, by the principles of retaliation, in refusing to abide by their part of the constitutional compact. When thus the North and South is fairly pitted against each other, when they retaliate and make reprisals, this guilty Union will speedily fall to pieces like a rope of sand, and slavery will necessarily fall with it. The old cracked bell in Philadelphia, that in '76 was not able in its last estate to proclaim liberty throughout the land, to all the inhabitants thereof, will then do it, in tones made musical by the message they will bear.

PERSONAL LIBERTY BILL.

The Legislature of Vermont some time since passed a Personal Liberty Bill, which put that State in an attitude of direct hostility to the General Government in the question of the rendition of fugitive slaves. Wisconsin has assumed the same attitude by the judicial decision of her State Supreme Court; and these, of all the northern States, are the only two which have dared to maintain the doctrine of State Sovereignty. Michigan has, we believe, passed a bill which protects the fugitive so far as the Federal Constitution and Federal laws will permit, which is simply no protection. Massachusetts, the State of which—next to Vermont—we expected most, has, by a vote of 109 to 104 in the Lower House, refused to Christianize its statute enactment, the law of God as recorded in Deut. chap. xxiii, verse 15.

Anti-slavery can wait for justice, and will have to wait until the hearts of the people are more thoroughly changed. The enactment of such a law as the abolitionists of Massachusetts demanded, is only a question of time. Failing to obtain it this year, they will have it next, or if not, the year after. This is the only thing they have ever asked of the State which has not been granted them. It is true, they have always, at first, been refused, and they have had to work, as well as to pray, but by persistent effort they wrought out the object of their prayers, and they will do so in this case.

Massachusetts having failed in her duty, we need our hopes of New York are not very sanguine, and of Pennsylvania still less so. While the bill was awaiting the action of the Legislature of the last named State, an alleged fugitive, who had resided in Harrisburg for the last six or seven years, was publicly arrested, and amid his agonized shrieks for "Help! help!" was borne away by official blood hounds. If there were manhood in the Legislature, we would expect of it some action that would protect others, even though it came too late to help the poor man who was taken, in its resulting defiance from their very presence. One or two more Anthony Burns' cases is perhaps needed to bring Massachusetts to repentance and right action; and perhaps a score or two of similar cases to induce some little love of liberty into Ishmael Pennsylvania. It is often thus that God eventually causes the wrath of man to praise him, and achieves good out of seeming evil.

TAKE NOTICE.

The *Erie True American* thus exults in its readiness against an impostor. If a tenth of the money contributed for the purpose of buying the freedom of individual slaves, is ever thus appropriated, there are fewer impostors than we think. Those who are disposed to give for such purposes, ought first to be well satisfied that their benevolence will not be used by adventurers who are too lazy to work, but too hot to steal. Thoroughly investigate every case which presents its claims, and if a single link in the chain of evidence be wanting, don't give. To do otherwise encourages rascals, and is detrimental to the cause of those who are really fit objects for the benevolence of all who can conscientiously aid in the purchase of slaves in order to free them.

But to the notice from the *American*. "We have very good reason for believing that Mrs. Wright, the colored stranger who is importing money in this city to buy her children out of slavery, is totally unworthy of confidence. We take back anything we might have said in her favor upon her first arrival here. Beneficial and noble as charitable acts are in the case of the slave, in this land, it is continually and terribly impeded and injured by a host of miserable lay impostors, who make their living in its name—who send the money of the court of heaven to feed the devil and themselves in."—*Ohio State Journal*.

THOSE FLAGS.

"A resolution has passed the Senate that new national flags with the coat of arms of the State of Ohio, shall be provided and hoisted on suitable staffs, one over each branch of the legislature, while in session, to notify the world that the State is safe; and lowered when not in session, to signify that the State is abandoned to the care of Providence."—*Ohio State Journal*.

And ninety-nine politicians out of a hundred would feel that the destruction of the Commonwealth was sure, if the people were left to the mob and government of Providence alone. Providence, they think, does very well when the Legislature meets in to advise and regulate; and to talk about a superintending Providence is rather a pious fraud, and does admirably to round a period, or put forth as a glittering generality, but when you get the faith of these politicians in Providence, is very much like that of a certain old lady, who once related her experience in a runaway stage box—"The one was in the buggy with me. The horse ran so hard as he could, but I wasn't one mile near, and I knew Providence was watching over me, and I was just as comforted as I can now when I think of it."—*Ohio State Journal*.

ES 11/12

ES 11/12

PATENTED
TAMPS;
 for embroidery
 terms for Skirts,
 and for sale. Sent
 R & EVANS.

W. M. D.
 West of WILM
 STORE, South

BOOK.
 23 Broadway
 NEW YORK,
 says:
 okerape
 OLIS,
 h have appeared
 subject, with same
 if great interest,
 illustrated with
 s. Price \$1.
 and agents who
 and copies sent
 of \$1. Early
 is better transac

I,
AT.
Wilson House.
the citizens of
occupies the Office
Mr. M. D., where
d to call in his

ARCH,
icine;
ONIO.
LTON,
CCLEBY,
&c., &c.,
Ilson's store,
and,
ND
RTIST
CK,

Salem, Ohio.

 HOUSE,
 STREET,
 City, Ohio.
 ALEX. AGT,
 got free of charge—

 O T D
 VATOR
 5 9,
 its fifteenth year
 every body is
 CULTIVATOR
 a book form for
 and Orchard,
 THE PEOPLE.
 three copies for
 every extra in
 line. Specimens
 COLUMBUS, O.,
 and Proprietor

 : D. S.,
 corner of
 WAY,
 MADWAY, AT THE
 the purpose of so.

practice of De
making no expense
March of his life.
MATERIALS
in the market, and
seen such as to
on will be given
given,
S. P. M.
repeated,
SAFE;
KET BOOKS.
against accidental
this will buy the
in elegant Pouch
said.
E. Peterson,
on, Michigan.

the Manufacture
of Material
and Boy's wear,
yard or made

LED
country.
Description of
it Monthly.
REET & CO.
EWING &
E.

Miscellaneous.

THE HARD SCHOOL.

In the Autumn of 1842, I received a visit from one of the superintending school committees of the town of G—, in the State of New Hampshire. He introduced himself as Mr. Bowen, and at once proceeded with his business. He wished to employ a teacher for one of the schools in his town. He ran his eyes over my frame, and I saw the result was satisfactory, for he immediately expressed a desire to secure my services. I asked him what sort of a school it was.

"Well," he said, with a peculiar nasal twang, and a pronunciation not set down by any of our last eographers "it's a pretty hard school name, I tell ye. But you're got the bone an' muscle, an' I reckon as how you might dew it."

He again ran his eyes over my large and slender frame, and rubbed his hands with evident satisfaction.

"Have scholars been in the habit of gaining control of the school?" I asked.

"Bliss ye, yes. Why no master can stand it a week. Ye see, 'Squire, there's some pretty stout boys in that school. Ye see, they're in a swamp an' they're rough in their ways. We hear'n tell of you an' I was sent to see ye. An' I was privileg'd to offer ye forty dollars a month, of ye'd only come an' keep it. There's more'n twice as much as we ever paid afore."

"How large is the school?" I asked.

"Wal—there's nigh onto sixty scholars, all told, when they come—some boys an' some gals."

I had heard of the school before, and had been acquainted with an excellent teacher who had been thrown out from the school house and rolled in a snow bank by large boys; yet I resolved to go and try it. Of personal danger I had no fear, for I happened to possess a large frame and a proportionate amount of nerve and muscle. I had exercised freely in my gymnasium, and there was not another man in the place who could at all hold his strength by the side of mine. Nature had been very lavish in her favors, and evil habits had not impaired the faculties God had given me.

I told Mr. Bowen I would keep the school. It was to commence on the first day of December, and to continue three months. But told him I must have my own way; that in all things appertaining to the school I must be master—that my will must be supreme, even to the casting out of half the scholars. He said I should have my own way, and he pledged his word the committee should not interfere in any way, nor under any circumstances.

At the appointed time I packed up my wardrobe and school books, and started for G—. When I reached the village I learned that my school was in a distant part of the town, to a rugged region known as "Raw Bone Hollow." On the following morning Mr. Bowen took me "over" in his sleigh. I found my school house upon the edge of a settlement, which was located in a wide valley, with high, black mountains upon all sides. I was taken at once to the place where I was to board, and in this latter respect I was fortunate.

My host's name was Elias Bonney. He was a well-made farmer, about forty-five years of age, a firm, intelligent man, and one of the selectest of the town. He had five children to attend the school, the oldest being a girl of nineteen, named Lydia, and the youngest a boy of seven.

Mr. Bowen remained to dinner, and then took his leave. I began to inquire particularly about the school. My host shook his head with a doubtful expression.

"You know what boys are," he said, "especially if they've had their own way for a long time—For six winters we've had no school here that could be called a school. There are a quite a number of stout boys, and they generally contrive to get the master out at the end of a week. But I think they'll find it hard work to put you out."

"I don't know," I replied. "But I really shouldn't want them to try it, for I am not apt to be very considerate when acting on the defensive against more brute force."

Bonney said he should think 'twould be dangerous for the scholars to make an attempt. "But," he added, with another dubious shake of the head "the boys are not only stout and heavy, but you must remember there's a number of them. Once get 'em started, and they don't fear anything—They've had some pretty stout masters to deal with."

"But how many are there in the school," I asked, "who are really bad—who are ready to go ahead in any evil prank?"

Bonney pondered a few moments, and then replied:

"Why, there's only two of them that are really ugly, and even they ain't bad neighbors. They're kind and ready in cases of need, but they seem determined to resist the school-master."

We kept up the conversation, at intervals, until bedtime, and when I had retired for the night I had about made up my mind as to the nature of the work I had to do. I had learned enough to assure me of several important facts. In the first place, each succeeding teacher had gone into the school house with the firm belief that he had got to fight his way through. This very feeling had served to excite his combativeness, so that his first position to the scholars was an antagonistic one. The result had been inevitable. At fighting, the large scholars were handy; they had prepared for it, and expected it, and consequently were easily led to an exhibition of their pugnaque qualities.

On the next morning, I went to the schoolhouse a little earlier than the usual hour for commencing. I found the building nearly new, and looking clean and neat. I went in and arranged my books on the desk. Mr. Bonney had given me the key to this desk, at the same time informing me that there were some implements there I might need. I found a heavy rock maple fiddle, some two feet long by two inches wide, and three quarters of an inch thick.

It was a perfect club, and was, moreover, enough to excite the ire of any decent person who might see it brandished about in the hands of a superior. It was not alone, it had a companion in the shape of a long, stout, heavy raw-hide, or "green hide," as they are sometimes called. I let them remain in the desk.

At nine o'clock I rang the hand-bell with which my host had supplied me, and the scholars took their seats. The school was full, and as I gazed carefully around, I was pleased with the appearance of most of the scholars. They were a comely, intelligent set for such a place. But among the larger boys were some faces which I wished to study.

John Putney and Stephen Oliver had been thoroughly described to me that I recognized them the moment I got eyes upon them. They were two hard-looking customers, especially the former. Putney was tall and stout. He wore a new cap upon his head, and seemed to lean back in his seat like one who held away over all around.

When I first came to him in my sweeping glance I caught his eye. He tried hard to keep his gaze, but in a very few seconds his lids trembled and his eyes sunk. I knew I could conquer him in some way.

Stephen Oliver was not so tall as Putney, though some said, stronger. But he was a better man. His face was more intelligent, and he seemed to have some pride.

As soon as all was still I made a few remarks. I opened my desk and drew forth the ponderous fiddle and raw-hide.

"Do these belong to any one in the school?" I asked, holding them up.

No one answered. I then asked Lydia Bonney if she knew to whom they belonged. She said she believed their last teacher brought them. I then stepped down and put them both in the store.

After this I told the scholars that I had come there to teach them, to help them to an education which should fit them better for the various paths in life they might be called upon to pursue. I pledged to them the educated man and woman in contrast with the ignorant and untaught. I weighed well the considerations I gave them. I called upon all my powers of imagination and simplification.

"And more," said I, "I have come to help give you this education, if you will only resolve it—And in order to give it properly—in order to have a profitable school, we must have order and regularity. We must all behave properly. Now I am sure you do not know so much of arithmetic, geography, history, grammar and other branches of common school education as I do; consequently I feel it my duty to impart to you all the information upon these subjects which I can. But I believe of their own qualification of a scholar you know as much as I do. You certainly know how to behave. You know how to behave properly—how to be quiet, studious, and peaceable. If there is a scholar present who does not know how to do this, I will present him to you. If no one rises, I shall consider that I have an assurance from each and every one of you that you know how to behave properly in school."

I waited some minutes, but no one arose. But I could see that Mr. John Putney was uneasy. He seemed to be fearing that I was compromising him in advance of his will. However, I appeared not to notice him.

"Very well," said I, with a grateful smile, "I thank you for your assurance. And now I am going to place the government of this school at your disposal. You are all voters and I wish you to exercise the privilege. Shall we have, during the coming three months, an orderly, model school?—All in favor of that will hold up their right hands. All in favor of that will hold up their right hands."

The girls commenced first. "Come," I urged, "I want you all to vote one way or the other. I shall think that all who do not vote on this side mean to vote on the other. All up!" By this time every right hand was up, save Putney's and Oliver's. The latter had got his head half up, when I saw Putney catch it by the elbow and pull it back.

"Down," I said. "Now are there any of the opposite mind?"

John Putney hesitated, but I saw that he was anxious to raise his hand.

"If there are any who do not wish an orderly school, I shall be pleased to know it," I resumed, "for I am determined not to have scholars here who need to be forced into obedience. I am not fond of punishing."

Putney's hand came up with a nervous jerk, and I saw him try to peer Oliver's up; but I had caught the latter's eye, and he gave up to the influence of an imploring glance.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"My name is John Putney, the world over," he replied, in a coarse, impudent tone; but yet there was an effort in it.

"And do you not desire a good, orderly school?" I resumed.

"Wal, I don't care much one way nor 'other," he answered, in the same tone, but with increasing effort, and I could see, too, that he was trembling his strength away fast.

"Very well," I said, in a firm, yet kind tone—"If such is your opinion, then your presence here will not only be useless to yourself, but of great detriment to the rest of the school. So you can retire before we proceed any further. But should you at any time make up your mind to come in with a determination to be orderly and gentlemanly, you can return."

As I spoke, I stepped down and opened the door.

"You can leave," I said.

"Spain! I'd rather stay here!" he replied, turning pale.

"But you can't stay here!" I resumed, in a tone and with a look that made him start. "We cannot have you here. For the good of the school alone, you must leave. I cannot wait but a moment longer."

The fellow was determined to try my strength. But he might as well have thought of facing a lightning bolt. I was carried up to my most powerful mode. I felt in my arms and hands, that were I then where Sampson once was, I could have pulled down the pillars of the temple roof.

I walked slowly up to the man's seat, for he was a man in age and stature, coming one and twenty within a month, and placed my hand upon his shoulder. He grasped the edge of the desk before him and held on. With one mighty effort, I took the fellow from his seat, and raised him high above my head. I strode to the outer entry, and when I gained the doorway, I cast him down upon the snow. He scrambled to his feet, and rushed towards me. I struck him between the eyes and knocked him down. I went and lifted him up, and told him to go home. He cast one look at my feet from under his already swelling eyes, and then, with mutterings of vengeance, he walked away.

I returned to the schoolroom, and, of course, found the scholars all at the windows, or, rather, rushing back to their seats.

"Now," said I, with a kindly smile, suppose every one that votes here again, for, really, I feel a deep earnest desire to have the whole school with me. All who are desirous of having an orderly, model school, and who are resolved to labor to that end, will raise the right hand.

Every hand went up in a moment.

And so I commenced my school. I went to Stephen Oliver, and asked him how far he had gone with his studies. He told me, and I then informed him that when he wished for assistance, which I might not be able to render during school hours, I should be happy to grant it, if he would call upon me at my room. He was as grateful as I could see a person.

I made the scholars understand that I should have no whispering going on. If any one should be caught whispering, he must leave the school. I had come through various branches of common English education, and those who have not yet learned to behave properly, were not far enough advanced to be

admitted to that school where the scholars themselves had determined to have good order.

I never had a better school. I have at times found it necessary to punish children, but I have had school had altogether too much of it, and I resolved at the outset not to strike a blow, save in self-defense, and to turn from the school every child that would not obey. Oliver was of great assistance to me. When I wished to leave the room for a short time, I felt confident of order leaving him in charge. He studied hard, and ere long he became really ardent for knowledge. He spent many evenings with me, and they were profitable to both.

I had kept the school three weeks. On the Sabbath evening following the third Saturday, as I sat with Mr. Bonney and his family, some one knocked at the door. One of the children answered the summons, and returned, followed by John Putney. He said he wanted to speak to me. I led the way to my room, where a good fire was burning.

I bade the man good evening, and told him he had taken a stormy season for a walk.

"Yes, sir," he returned, in a half-shaking tone, "it does storm hard—very hard; but, sir, I don't mind that—I'm used to it. I wanted to see you, sir. I—"

He stopped and gazed down upon the floor.

"Don't be afraid to speak plainly, John," I said, "for I assure you that you are speaking to one who would be your friend under all circumstances."

"I want to come to school!" burst from his lips, spasmodically.

"I thank you, John! I thank you!" I cried, extending my hand, which he took at once. "Since I came to this place, nothing has occurred to afford me more pleasure than this. Come to-morrow morning, and you will find one of the best schools in the country. We won't speak of the past—we'll only try for improvement in the future."

The stout, hardy youth cried like a child. Mr. Bonney said "It's best all."

"Why," said he, "there's a school that's been going to rack and ruin for years, because they couldn't find a master strong enough to conquer the big boys, and now they are all conquered without even so much as a blow. And yet," he added, after reflecting a while, "that's the nature of a man to be very good under blows, and I suppose children have all the feelings of men. The last may keep 'em under while it's over 'em, but it don't produce an effect that you can depend upon."

"That's it," I replied. "The obedience produced by the lash is only obedience to the lash. It can never beget one iota of respect for the person who is never prepared to say that the lash is never under any circumstances unnecessary—necessity is in such a terribly warped and unchristianized state; but there is one thing I can say, I will never keep another school that I cannot govern without the rod. If there chances to be a boy who will not behave, then the school shall not suffer by his presence. I will send him back to those whose duty it is to teach him the first rudiments of behavior."

People were astonished at the result of my efforts. The committee were forced to report "the school kept at 'Raw Bone Hollow' to be the best in their town."

So much for the "Hard School."

For the Anti-Slavery Bugle.

WENT TO GOD.

BY FRANCES ELLEN WATKINS.

Finished, now, the weary throbbing
Of a bosom doomed to rest,
Laid aside the heavy sorrows
That for years upon it press.

All the thirst for pure affection,
All the hunger of the heart,
All the rain and tearful longing,
All forever now depart.

Cleap the pale and faded fingers
Over the cold and lifeless form,
They shall never shrink and shiver,
Humidities 'mid the dark and storm.

Lay the death-weight calmly, gently,
Over the eye-lids in their sleep;
Tears shall never tremble from them,
They shall never weep to weep.

Close the silent lips together,
Lips once parted with a sigh,
Through their sealed, morose portals
Ne'er shall float a bitter cry.

Bring no bright and blooming flowers,
Let no mournful tears be shed;
Faint flowers, tears of sorrow,
They are for the cherished dead.

She has been a lonely wanderer,
Drifting on the world's highway,
Orphaned with her woman's nature,
Feeble ready to her stay.

God is witness to the anguish
Of a heart that's all alone
Floating blindly on life's current
Only bound unto his throne.

But o'er such, death's solemn angel
Broadeth with a sheltering wing
Till the hopeless hands, grown weary,
Cease around earth's toys to cling.

Then kind hands will wrap them gently
Over the still, unfeeling breast,
Softly treading by, they'll whisper
Of the heart's worn care to rest.

A LOSS OF THREE THOUSAND LIVES.

Near Taganrog, on the Sea of Azoff, a catastrophe occurred, the beginning of February last, which involved a loss of life unparalleled except by memorable earthquakes or volcanic eruptions. It appears that some three thousand inhabitants of Taganrog, relying upon the promise of fair weather made by the general atmosphere and the cloudless sky, proceeded to the Azoff Sea to indulge in the sport of fishing beneath the ice—a favorite pastime of that region. The atmosphere menacing storm, the party were lulled into a feeling of security, and ventured further than usual upon the ice, in the hope of obtaining a good haul. Suddenly a breeze sprang up from the east, which, growing boisterous by degrees, whirled the loose snow and ice particles of ice in all directions, and before long succeeded in detaching the ice from the shore. The large ice field then broke into numerous pieces, which, with their terrified and helpless human freight, drifted towards the open sea. No assistance could be rendered the unhappy beings by their frantic relatives and friends on shore, and within two hours not a sign of life was visible on the surface of the sea. On the following day a cake of ice drifted in shore upon which were five of the unfortunate—three of them dead, and the other two nearly and insensible. The two latter—a girl and an old man—were rescued

by means of the usual appliances, the girl, however, survived but a few hours; the man recovered, but lost the use of his tongue—a consequence, probably, of the fright caused by the scene he had passed through. He prepared a written narrative of the occurrences of that fearful night on the Azoff.

By this catastrophe at least three thousand persons found a watery grave.—N. F. Post.

From the National Era.

JOAN AT THE STAKE.

BY H. R. KORTON.

The early dawnlight glimmered down on hill and over plain.

The river's rippling waters and the towers of old Rouen.

On the bishop's mitred forehead, and the monk, with fasting pale.

On knightly, bearded warrior-forms, all clad in gleaming mail.

On sturdy British yeomen, and the Norman's forehead brown.

The gray and misty morning rays came dimly struggling down.

Along the narrow pathway, from the river's winding shore.

Up to the huge and gloomy dungeons walled of Beanoir.

The thousands stood in silence, till the risen sun's bright fire

Glowed on the rock-walled battlements, and bathed each slender spire.

Then rose from that vast multitude a thousand voices' swell—

"Bring forth the demon-sorcerer! Bring forth the Child of Hell!"

The huge key harshly grated, and the gateway upon swung.

And forth she came to torturing death, the beautiful, the young.

She came, the youthful peasant-girl, whose fiercely-burning eye

Had led the storm of battle, like the Star of Despair.

That form, so frail and slender, with the faint and trembling breath,

Had shone, a flaming meteor, in the van of strife and death.

The pale hands meekly folded, and the pale brow heaven-ward turned;

The blue eyes, dreamy, fathomless, with mystic splendor burned.

Headless of torch and fagot-blaze, in silence on she trod;

Headless of priest and jeering throng, she looked but to her God.

The Past came sweeping over her, with all its dreary train;

Again, a child, she roamed the fields and meadows of Lorraine.

Again in girlhood's early days, at midnight's solemn hour,

Her sweetest soul bowed down before the spirit's spell of power.

Again, in radiant armor, girl, reckless of oars or fears,

She led the roaring charge, amid the crash of shivering spears.

Again the dungeon's rocky walls echoed her mournful prayer—

But still that spot was holy ground, for One was with her there!

And so her vision-limned brain yet brighter pictures name:

She looked beyond the torture-stake, and fierce devouring flame.

And saw, bright blazing far away, wrought like a radiant gem,

The pearly-glowing gateways of the New Jerusalem.

The solemn, weird procession paused before the stake at last,

And bound amid the withering flames, her dauntless spirit passed.

But, as she stood, scathed in fire from ruthless mortal eyes,

Bent not above her One to soothe that fearful agony!

Amid the wasting furnace-blaze that round her whirled and rolled,

Stood out one "like the Sun of God," as in the days of old!

Did not her spirit rise to dwell amid the white-robed throng,

Who cry, beneath Heaven's altar shrine, "How long, O Lord, how long?"

Full twice two centuries have rolled in light and shade away.

But still our latest pulses thrill in memory of the day.

LOCAL ADDRESS FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

Mrs. M. C. C. Carter, Salem, Ohio.

Mrs. C. L. Morgan, Sylvester, Green Co., Wis.

Phoebe T. Merrill, Ionia, Michigan.

Samuel Hayball, Adrian, Michigan.

Martha Fuller, Livonia, "

Isaac N. Hadden, Plymouth, "

Samuel D. Moore, Ypsilanti, "

John B. Zimmerman, Union City, Michigan.

Thos. Fox, McRay Grove, "

Phoebe M. Merrill, Battle Creek, "

Henry Cornell, Bedford, "

Abraham Powers, Farmington, "

G. Glazier, Ann Arbor, "

Thomas C. Heighon, Edinburgh, Ohio.

Joseph Pickett, Winchester, Indiana.

Wm. Herr, Brighton, Indiana.

G. L. Gale, Northport, Indiana.

Wm. Hopkins, Fremont, "

Elizabeth Morse, Angola, "

Henry Bowman, Johnstown, Barry Co., Mich.

Daniel Barle, Newton Falls, Ohio.

LOOK THIS WAY.

18 bbls. choice N. O. Sugar,

20 bbls. choice N. O. Molasses,

18 bags prime Rio Coffee,

50 sacks best ground Rio Coffee,

6 chests choice Y. H. Tea,

6 chests assorted Black Tea,

3 chests prime Rice,

40 drums prime Figs,

1 sack Potatoes,

10 boxes Raisins,

1 sack English Currants,

6 boxes Chocolate,

200 lbs. Cream Soda,

200 lbs. Filberts,

200 lbs. English Walnuts,

200 lbs. split shelled Almonds,

1 sack Dates,

1 sack Peanuts,

6 boxes Liqueur,

8 boxes Pearl Starch,

8 kgs Baking Soda,

20 boxes Cincinnati Palm Soap,

6 boxes women's friend Soap,

50 boxes Toilet, assorted,

8 doz. Wash Boards,

20 mats Cassia,

14 boxes Wm H. Grant's No. 1 Tobacco, (cheap)

14000 assorted Cigars,

BOOKS, STATIONERY,

AND WALL PAPER!!!

J. M. MILLAN.

SALEM, COLUMBIANA CO., OHIO.

Has just received and offers for sale, on the best terms, for CASH, an immense stock of

Law, Medical, Scientific, Historical, Poetical,

MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS,

Bibles and Hymn Books, Juvenile Books in great variety, suitable for the "Little Ones at Home" of all ages; Gift Books in fancy binding; all the different Readers, Grammars, Arithmetic, Algebra, Philosophy, Chemistry, Geography, Physiology and other School Books; and in this line, Black Books, Paper Books and Manuscripts of all sizes and varieties. Our stock of

Writing Paper

Comprises almost every size and variety of Book cap, Letter and Note Paper, Plain, Fancy, Gum Ruled and Unruled, and is not equalled for quality or extent in eastern Ohio.

Our stock of Stationery contains all kinds of Plain, Fancy and Wedding Envelopes; Trimmings and Tinting Cards, Plain and Fancy; Drawing Paper of all Sizes, Drawing Paper in Roll, Writing Cloth and Paper, Tissue Paper and Materials for Artificial Flowers, Lead Pencils, Colored Pencils, and India Ink, Inkstands

for Desk or Pocket Purposes; Pocket Books, Wallets, Pencil Cases, Pocket Knives, Portfolios, Bristol Boards, Monochromatic Boards and Crayons, Paris Copying Books and Copying Ink, &c.

Agents for SPENCERIAN PLAIN WRITING, A NEW LOT OF NY CELEBRATED

STEEL PENS No. 700.

A Large Supply of

Extra Fine GOLD PENS, all Warranted.

The attention of Writing Teachers and all others who want very Superior Writing Paper and Gold or Steel Pens is particularly requested.

"Anything in the Book or Stationery line if not on hand, will be procured for customers at Publishers' prices."

In addition to the above, Mr. Millan's Book Store is the Repository for

WALL AND WINDOW PAPER.

Teachers and country dealers will be supplied with School Books, Stationery, and Maps Books at Wholesale.

Goods, First Quality, Prices as Low as can be afforded; and TERMS—CASH.

J. M. MILLAN.

Salem, Ohio, October 30th, 1858.

SALEM IRON WORKS,

Salem, Columbiana County, Ohio.

SHARP & KING.

Manufacturers of Improved Steam Engines for all purposes; Steam Boilers of every description; all kinds of Mill Gearing; Iron Planes; Lathes; Lathe, Upright Drills; Gear-cutting Machine, &c., &c.

Gear-cutting done to order on New and improved principles.

We Manufacture "Superior Engines" and Machinery for Saw Mills, with which ordinary loads can cut more lumber, with less expense for operation and repairs, than can be done with any other kind of Mills.

Particular attention given to the construction of Machinery for Flouring Mills—both Steam and Water.

We have provided ourselves with a Gear-cutting Machine, which enables us to cut gearing of 4 feet in diameter—and under—and 10 inch face, and under—also to fill core wheels and dress the teeth with the same machine, which insures accuracy and way is less expensive and more accurate than doing it by hand. We will warrant our gearing to run almost as still and smooth as bells. A good assortment of Gum Belting, always on hand at the lowest prices.

Cash paid for old Iron, Copper and Brass March 28, 1857—ly.

LARGE SALE

OF GOODS BELOW COST AND AT COST, TO CLOSE OUT SUMMER STOCK AT THE

SALEM EXCHANGE.

DRESS GOODS.

Cheap Summer Silks, at 37 1/2 cents. Broadcloth, at 37 1/2 cents. Large Line of White and Draw Goods from 6 to 50 cents.